

THE
RURAL CONFERENCE,

A
PASTORAL.

Earth by its GOD was meant a HEAVEN; bad government
Has made it HELL.

Hear this, ye KINGS!
Hear this, ye COUNSELLORS OF KINGS.

Mr. O. C. in Ch. M.

HEAVEN and MONARCHS behold with different eyes!—HIM whom his
SOVEREIGN summons to his favour, GOD will snatch to answer for his
crimes; for, know, the ALMIGHTY will not always, unrepenting, permit
the AMBITIOUS to receive, nor KINGS to bestow, those honours on
the NEFARIOUS, which are only the just rewards of VIRTUE.

Ep. on Sir D. R.

Inscribed to Mr. C. CHURCHILL.

L O N D O N,

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The English Department

T O

Mr. C. C H U R C H I L L,

S I R,

PERMIT me to lay at the feet of the first of PATRIOTS, a few sheets, of which the greatest, and, perhaps, only merit, consists in their warmth for the best of men, and against the worst of the whole race of mortals. To you Sir, I dedicate this humble theme; to you, as at the shrine of patriotism, I offer these simple strains, artless and unadorned, but proceeding from a sincere and honest heart, from a heart glowing with the love of BRITAIN, ardent in the cause of virtue, and desiring but the triumph of her chiefs, who have lately so gloriously appeared in her favour, and that of her sister LIBERTY; and the overthrow and destruction of any man, who shall dare to invade the rights of a free-born people, trample on the neck of the *most gracious and best of princes*, and bask, with villainy and treachery at his heart, in the sunshine of the favour of an unsuspecting sovereign.

The name of CHURCHILL is not only an ornament to any page, as the favourite of the MUSES, but a dignity, as term synonymous to that of PATRIOT. However, from either of these causes alone, I might have emerged from obscurity, and blazed in an eminent degree of splendor, as entering the list of glory, under so worthy a banner, yet, I can aver them to have had no share in influencing me to the inscribing this to you: since, as I before hinted, it is at the altar of patriotic virtue, that it is, in reality, offered.

Sentiments

DEDICATION.

Sentiments of freedom, a stimulative ardor in the cause of LIBERTY, and an unquenchable desire of appearing in her behalf, with, perhaps, some degree of the reigning *cacoethes scribendi*, were the only motives for the production of this crude attempt. And the sole cause of the glorious name prefixed to it, was that of a knowledge of the parity of sentiments, (tho' far unequal in the performance) with those of BRITAIN'S CHAMPION.

Dedications, Sir, of mere compliment to a man of your known and approved integrity, and disinterested patriotism, must appear in the light they really ought, I mean (so to speak) in that of their shadowy nothingness. I shall, therefore, conclude with a hearty wish for the welfare of BRITAIN, that the first on the roll of her chiefs, who so lately, and so gloriously increased and maintained her consequence and dignity, may again rise from his virtuous solitude, and blaze in the meridian of his splendor, never more to set, till ENGLAND'S glory be completed, and her dominion established, — if it be not too late to retrieve it.

I have nothing more to add, but the desire of your favour and candour, to impute defects rather to want of time, than ignorance. A plea of the want of time, you will say, should have been converted into a reason for its non-appearance, true, but different situations, demand different attentions.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE
RURAL CONFERENCE.

A
PASTORAL.

DAPHNIS and AMARYLLIS.

DAPHNIS.

WELL, then, I'm blest'd! — at last obtain'd
a "YES!"

Sure so much struggling has deserv'd a kifs!

AMARYLLIS.

Nay, boast not, DAPHNIS, of that empty gain;
To boast such filly joys, I'm sure, is vain.

DAPHNIS.

Empty and filly joys! — But, sweet, I'm doubly
sure:

5

O did that filly sweetness, but endure!

B

A M A-

A M A R Y L L I S.

I'll wash my mouth; and spit it off again. —
You faucy grow — Your boldness asks disdain.

D A P H N I S.

Ay, wash your mouth — And I'll increase my bliss;
For, when it's clean, I'll take another kiss. 10

A M A R Y L L I S.

You! kiss your cows! — You'll get no kisses here.
Your lips are sweet indeed! — Your person, dear!
Go, kiss the wenches, equals, — get you hence!
I had not thought of such impertinence!

D A P H N I S.

Nay, be not proud! — that beauty soon shall fade; 15
And ruthless age will seize the blooming maid.

A M A R Y L L I S.

And better so, than wrap'd in your embrace.
You clown! that dare to kiss a maiden's face!

D A P H N I S.

Come, come, my love, to yon refreshing grove,
Sacred to rural harmony and love. 20

A M A R Y L L I S.

No, I'll not come — remember how you talk'd
When last by that, else pleasant, bow'r we walk'd.

Your

Your words indeed, like adders at my heart,
Were gaudy dress'd; but left behind a smart.

D A P H N I S.

Well, sit beneath this shade, and hear me sing. 25
I'll make amends for that so fatal sting.

A M A R Y L L I S.

By singing please yourself. — I'll sit not there;
Old DORCAS says, "of swains, and groves beware."
No groves, nor shades, nor swains, nor songs for me;
Your schemes insidious, thence, I well foresee. 30
Love I despise, and all its studied arts
Which swains too often play on simple hearts.
Its joys are short! and, then, alas! its train
Of horrors, plagues, and everlasting pain!

D A P H N I S.

Fine words indeed! — Did DORCAS teach you these? 35
Your form, I thought, had pow'r alone to please.
In rustic phrases pray express your sense,
Dress'd but in love, and that your eloquence.
In gaudy speeches thus to rail at love!
O! should the God at last indignant prove, 40
And throw your beauty in some worthless arms,
And let a wretch enjoy your maiden charms!

A M A R Y L L I S.

If any God should wound a virgin's heart,
I've heard them say, DIANA takes their part. — Lay

[4]

Lay not on me your hand — your lips I'll tear, — 45
Be not so rude. — What ! make my bosom bare !

D A P H N I S.

Still will you shun my love ?

A M A R Y L L I S.

I will, indeed,
Of love like your's I never am in need,
For many now beseech my love in vain.

D A P H N I S.

And for their love, — you still requite them pain ? 50
Alas ! I'm one of those. — Your scorns I've prov'd,
And now could almost wish I'd never lov'd.

A M A R Y L L I S.

What shall I do ? — In wedded life are cares,
And anxious thoughts, and multitude of fears.

D A P H N I S.

O come with me, I'll banish ev'ry care, 55
And strip gay nature, to adorn my fair.
In yonder grove we'll tie the nuptial band :
O haste, my love, and join my eager hand !
Each shrub, by nodding, shall approve my choice :
Each bird in nuptial anthems strain its voice. 60

A M A-

A M A R Y L L I S.

A wedded woman must her husband fear,
Bow to his will, and, as her lord, revere.

D A P H N I S.

No reverence I ask; beneath my sway,
And in my arms, you'll pass the live-long day.
From ev'ry danger I'll protect my fair, 65
And shield her virtue with a husband's care.

A M A R Y L L I S.

And will you, DAPHNIS, love? the truth I fear:
I tremble all; I doubt you're not sincere.

D A P H N I S.

Is yon bright orb but faithful to the earth?
Does it protect, and give to nature birth? 70
Cherish the herbage for our fruitful flock?
Increase their fodder in a yearly stock?
Or add a smile to A M A R Y L L I S' face?
And give each feature a peculiar grace?
As true to nature as the sun can be, 75
So true, my fair, thy DAPHNIS is to thee.

A M A R Y L L I S.

But tell me first, what stock you have in store:
What parents too, and, whether rich or poor?

C

D A P H -

DAPHNIS.

My father, LYCIDAS, you know him well :
His wife, NOMÆA, ev'ry child can tell. 80

AMARYLLIS.

I think they live upon the neighb'ring plain,
I know NOMÆA and her ancient fwain.

DAPHNIS.

That little house all cover'd o'er with green,
Look strait, and, through those trees, 'tis seen.

AMARYLLIS.

You're sprung from goodly parents, but, I trust, 85
That, of the two, yours will appear the worst.

DAPHNIS.

Why ? what so great is your MENALCAS ? say,
What flocks has he ? what store of ripen'd hay ?
Not more than my kind LYCIDAS can give ;
For neither have too much, though both can live. 90
But, all disputes of precedence aside,
Will you consent to bless me in a bride ?

AMARYLLIS.

O say, my DAPHNIS, do you love me true ?
And, can I trust, as well as doat on you ?

Are

Are all your wishes centre'd in your heart, 95
 Fix'd in your breast, above the wiles of art?
 Your fondness firm, remaining, like the sun,
 Renewing courses, as those courses run?
 How blest with DAPHNIS, how supremely blest!
 Each day to me would be a day of rest: 100
 Rest at my heart, content within my soul,
 No fire austere each action to controul.
 What DAPHNIS wills, is AMARYLLIS' choice,
 We two would share one soul, one heart, one voice.

D A P H N I S.

Once more I vow : protest it o'er again, 105
 Truer than him, thy DAPHNIS will remain.
 Beneath all envy, in a rural state,
 Secure from ills attendant on the great,
 Let Scotsmen govern, British swains submit,
 The King's prime Minister a BUTE or PITT; 110
 If peace be good or bad, to us the same,
 Or one man fall to raise another's name :
 Nay, if, instead of peace, be other wars,
 More blood be spilt, more heroes hack'd with scars :
 More conquests got, and given back again 115
 And France make profit e'en of England's gain;
 If England and its chiefs for wealth are sold,
 And Britons barter'd for their worth in gold,
 Still we shall live secure; within my cott,
 No council's guided, nor no statesmen plot. — 120
 O may

O may we ne'er be driven from these lands,
 Nor see our native fields in victors hands,
 Like MELIBŒUS, be obliged to mourn,
 From us our labours and possessions torn;
 Like him, in soft, melodious strains rehearse, 125
 And sooth our sorrows in alternate verse;
 Nay, then, sweet joy would supercede my grief,
 In you alone I'd strive to seek relief:
 In you alone should satisfaction find
 Ease to my breast, and comfort to my mind. 130

A M A R Y L L I S.

As t'other day I sat beneath a tree,
 (I little thought a day like this to see)
 An old, dry woman of an hundred years,
 Close to my sight, in ugly form appears;
 Two wither'd hands: in one, a staff of wood, 135
 The other, reeking with a lambkin's blood,
 Then, in a tone austere, "All hail," she cry'd,
 " Ere thrice the sun shall set, thou'lt be a bride;
 " The man whose happy wife you soon shall be,
 " Look, as I turn, his figure you shall see." 140
 Then, looking strait, I instantly beheld,
 A beauteous form, which all my fears dispell'd;
 But vanish'd quick, as quick as flashing light,
 And flew beyond the boundaries of sight;
 Eager, I jump'd to catch at bliss supreme, 145
 And —lo!—I wak'd, and found it all—a dream:

A dream

A dream prophetic, DAPHNIS, I am sure,
 Foretelling visions longer to endure.
 Henceforth with you I'll share the summer's heat,
 And seek with you alone the blest retreat 150
 Where we, reclin'd at ease, in peace may lay
 Secure from danger, and the sultry day.
 In chilling cold, with you, the freezing blast
 With joy endure, nor wish the winter past.
 The sun's bright beams, shall DAPHNIS' looks supply;
 His smiles, to me, serenity of sky. 156
 O, take my hand, and, with it, take my heart,
 Which only fate, not fortune, e'er shall part:

D A P H N I S.

A day more happy never shone before,
 To make me blest, e'en Heav'n has spent its store. 160
 Each joy I dar'd or even could require
 Presume to beg, or feelingly desire,
 These blessings, all, in one sweet show'r have fell,
 Too much for heart to thank, or tongue to tell.
 Expression fails me, and my thoughts want speech, 165
 Supply of words, my gratitude to reach.

A M A R Y L L I S.

Yes, I'll be thine! my DAPHNIS, wholly thine,
 Our cares and pleasures we will henceforth join:
 Our griefs and joys together we'll partake,
 For each shall share them for the other's sake. 170

D

No

No adverse fortune shall destroy our bands;
 Our souls are join'd together with our hands;
 Congenial hearts within our bosoms burn;
 No storms divide, no tacking cares can turn.

D A P H N I S.

Enough of love. Though blest'd, my dear, in you
 With ev'ry joy, and ev'ry pleasure too, 176
 Though streams of happiness each step surround
 And ev'ry field, and grove, with peace abound;
 Though springing nature hails the glad'ning ray
 And looks with rapture on the God of day, 180
 The warbling songsters greet th'approach of spring,
 Repeating io's till the woodlands ring;
 Yet still corroding thoughts my peace annoy
 And damp with terror, ev'ry scene of joy,
 Striving within to quench each spark of rest, 185
 To blast my hope, and rend my thoughtful breast.

A M A R Y L L I S.

What irksome thoughts can now molest my love,
 Rack his sweet breast, and ev'ry bliss remove?
 Is ought, my dear, in A M A R Y L L I S wrong,
 Or does the crime to D A P H N I S' self belong? 190
 Conceal not then thy griefs; to me reveal,
 I'll strive to sooth; I'll strive the wound to heal.

D A P H -

[II]

D A P H N I S.

From gen'ral woes my careful sorrows spring,
 They swell each breast, each British bosom sting.
 Though civic woes concern not rustic swains, 195
 Nor discord dare be sung in rural strains;
 Yet gen'ral griefs demand a gen'ral tear,
 Such woes affect the peasant and the peer;
 Discord together all in ruin lies
 The proud, the poor, the wealthy and the wife. 200

A M A R Y L L I S.

What woes are these my love so sweetly sings?
 What hapless shepherd these sad tidings brings,
 To break your quiet, and destroy your ease,
 To kill your pleasures, and your heart to seize?
 O tell me quick, dispel a lover's care, 250
 Your breast unravel, and each thought declare.

D A P H N I S.

Words can't express the anguish which I feel,
 (O did my grief the public woes but heal!)
 I met P A L E M O N, in the lonely way
 Which leads to C O R Y D O N's delightful lay.
 " Ah, happy D A P H N I S," said the aged swain,
 " What years of sorrow, what an age of pain,
 " Have these dim eyes beheld, since here I rov'd,
 " And told how D A M O N and his D E L I A lov'd!
 " Far

- " Far other tales, more shocking to relate, 215
 " Possess my mind ; I tremble for their fate.
 " Instead of love, dire discord tunes my string
 " And bids my pipe melodious sorrows sing.
 " Though, strange ! in war, each science did revive,
 " And Peace within was strictly kept alive. 220
 " Though Wars abroad, yet all was Peace at home
 " (Alas ! who thought from Britain's isle she'd roam !)
 " O happy swains, could they their bliss but see !
 " And dreaded discord, as 'tis fear'd by me !
 " But, now, alas ! when skill-push'd war has quell'd
 " External foes, and all their power repell'd ; 226
 " When warriors, glorious, have return'd with spoils,
 " Rewarding Vict'ry waiting on their toils ;
 " When cities yielded, and their heroes fell
 " And tyranny shrunk backward to her cell, 230
 " Sad civil discord hid her hated head,
 " And ev'ry murmur at her feet lay dead :
 " On Reason's throne, sage learning kept her seat
 " Inspiring vot'ries with unusual heat ;
 " The Muses too indulg'd their fullest scope
 " And seem'd as striving to produce a P O P E
 " (But, ah ! his second, E N G L A N D ne'er shall see
 " His fame, through ages, shall unrivall'd be,
 " Posterity, with rapture, shall admire,
 " And swell their noblest song to praise his fire. 240
 " Great bards indeed !— but shall e'en W H I T E H E A D
 hope,
 " Though Prince of Poets, to unlauress P O P E ?) To

" To sum up all ; she shone supreme in war,
 " And arts and science sprung beneath its car.
 " But now sweet peace her blessed balm has shed, 245
 " And breath'd her influence on their monarch's head,
 " Fell Discontent has sneek'd into the land,
 " And led along her hydra-headed band.
 " Sowing sedition as she stalks along
 " And throwing murmurs 'mongst th' unthinking
 throng. 250

" Her sister Discord has usurp'd the throne
 " Where Reason late majestically shone.
 " The land, O DAPHNIS! is in parties cut,
 " From cloud-cap'd mansions, to the clay-built hut.
 " Friend to no party, to no party foe, 255
 " I only tremble for the gen'ral woe."
 With this sad tale he rous'd each spark of heat,
 My rapid pulse with indignation beat,
 My crook, unclasp'd, fell, shatter'd; to the ground,
 And I, bemark'd, wept my country's wound. 260
 And think the cause whence this dire contest springs.

A M A R Y L L I S.

What, is't the fate of two contending kings?
 Or dread usurper that opposes might
 Against a sovereign's undoubted right?
 That o'er the land exerts a cruel sway, 265
 And makes her sacred laws his will obey?

E

That

That drives each shepherd from his native lands
 And makes him tremble at his armed bands?
 Forcing destruction through the tim'rous fold,
 Whose harmless bleatings can't his rage with-hold? 270
 Or are his crimes too num'rous to rehearse
 Or too profane for sacred rural verse?

D A P H N I S.

In fewest words I'll sum the solemn tale
 And then you'll weigh the cause in Justice' scale.
 By what PALÆMON said, you sadly learn 275
 That all the nation is in deep concern,
 Because, whilst, late, a counsellor advis'd,
 Our foes at home were quell'd, abroad chastis'd;
 He plann'd; and nations quak'd with fear;
 New vict'ries added to each added year. 280
 Each day beheld the product of his schemes,
 Each day with still more arduous projects teems.
 The nation rose omnipotently great
 And anxious kingdoms waited for their fate.
 The people hail'd him by the name of friend, 285
 A Heav'n-descended chief, their wars to end.
 In private life, not less conspicuous stood,
 In public he was great, in private—good.
 No poor, but his beneficence relieves,
 Is any sad?—his honest bosom grieves, 290

At

At times of vacance, he a past'ral care
 Assum'd, and rural sports with joy would share.
 Each swain around him whom he chanc'd to meet
 He bow'd obsequious with complacence sweet.
 With these good actions, with these comforts blest, 295
 Amidst the public toils his heart had rest.
 Nor murmur or complaint against him heard,
 At home beloved, and, by kingdoms fear'd.

But now, alas! another takes his place,
 Assumes his dignity without his grace, 300
 Exerts each art to scrape together gold
 And, as it's said, each post of honour sold.
 The other spurn'd, this rakes together pelf,
 A foe to all mankind, except—himself.
 The first made gold subservient to his nod, 305
 The last adores it as his only God.

Whatever's mean, or low, or vile, or base,
 Are summ'd in him; who, of a Northern race,
 Has guilt at heart, and bears it in his face. }

All scandal I abhor, and, were this such, 310
 Already I had said by far too much;

On what PALMERON says I firm rely,
 That ancient shepherd must know more than I.

Was it the tale of some weak, giddy, swain,
 Whose heart was, like his chatt'ring, vain, 315

The story I'd despise, nor dare to tell,
 But strive the falsehood, in its birth, to quell.

A M A R Y L L I S.

But why should this affect my DAPHNIS? say
 Let which submit, which party bear the sway,
 You hinted something of this tale before, 320
 But said 'twas not for shepherds to deplore,
 Nor interfere in squabbles of the Great,
 Beneath all envy, in a rural state.

D A P H N I S.

With discord's galling chain, when Albion heaves;
 What honest bosom but sincerely grieves? 325
 Th'effects of her mad tyrannizing sway
 Are not the miseries of one fatal day,
 Ages to come shall rue her hated reign,
 Be doom'd her iron sceptre to sustain,
 Shall shake beneath her off-spring's horrid laws, 330
 For desolation 'spouses discord's cause.

A M A R Y L L I S.

But, dearest DAPHNIS, this concerns not you;
 Our rural pleasures we may still pursue,
 Still may we sit and sing, or fondly talk,
 Through groves of woodbines we may freely walk, 335
 Enjoy the pleasures of the shining year,
 Nor discord, party, or their horrors fear.
 Whoever governs, or what cause prevails,
 What lordling triumphs, or what schemer fails,

Our comforts still are equally as great,
 We happy sit, beneath each party's hate.
 O let not this distress a shepherd's mind, 340
 You still shall see your AMARYLLIS kind.
 Leave all concerns about affairs of state
 To trifling courtiers and the giddy Great,
 Let them contend who'll be the rogue in pow'r,
 The flatt'ring, cringing, minion of an hour, 345
 For each, in turns, the highest office fills,
 And darts out poison till himself he kills.

D A P H N I S.

Your words have so much influence on my heart,
 Such soft sensations to my mind impart;
 From warmest statesman, to the meekest dove, 350
 Once more myself, once more dissolv'd in love,
 I'll wait with patience for the wish'd for time
 (An injur'd monarch will behold the crime)
 When wrath shall fall on his devoted head,
 Whose evil counsels have his King misled; 355
 Betray'd a people, and a kingdom sold,
 His country sacrific'd to dearer gold.
 But stop. — Though all the basest wiles of art
 Possess his breast, and rankle at his heart,
 Though streams of guilt bedew his faulty soul, 360
 And parts of sin in him complete one whole,
 Yet vengeance will o'ertake the wretch at last,
 In full, reward him for his actions past,

O let him tremble at th'impending ill,
Though Kings avenge not, G O D is righteous still. 365

A M A R Y L L I S.

Your resolution was no sooner made,
But bursting warmth your firm resolve betray'd.
To Heav'n's bless'd will resign the kingdom's cause,
The best protector of a nation's laws.

D A P H N I S.

All gracious Heav'n, O save a sinking land, 370
Nor let her perish by destruction's hand !
O hear the first petition of her moan,
From evil couns'lers purify the throne.
Nor let a youthful monarch be misled,
By one of sinful soul and guile-fraught head, 375
Who strives to tear his people from his heart,
A faithful shepherd from his sheep to part;
Avert the judgment which we've cause to fear,
O spare a kingdom !—O thy people hear !
Let not our prayers to thee, against us rise, 380
Nor let our yearly mock'ries shake the skies !
Each year thy blessings on our arms implor'd,
Invok'd thy sacred name to help us, L O R D !
Thou'st dealt destruction on th'imperious foe,
Their pride defeated'st and hast snapp'd their bow, 385
Through Britain's thunder hast thy veng'ance hurl'd,
And show'r'd her terrors on a trembling world.

O ! nation,

O ! nation, highly favour'd from above !
 What worship's equal to this boundless love ?
 Great G O D ! thy love's too much, we, blindly vain, 390
 What good thou'ft dealt, have spurn'd it back again
 If, on this insult, judgments must attend,
 If, in thy wrath, th'afflicting bow must bend,
 O let thy vengeance root H I M from the land,
 Who first, with Hell-fraught mind, the project plan'd,
 O drive the monster to his native clime, 396
 There let him expiate his horrid crime :
 In that accursed land to undergo,
 His series of hereditary woe.
 Of all the ills that can befall mankind, 400
 Let him endure the fetters of the mind :
 Remorseless conscience, stinging, at his heart,
 Pining, in vain ; for conscience baffles art !
 But, let thy love a guiltless people spare,
 Alone H E plan'd, let H I M thy veng'ance bear ! 405

But, A M A R Y L L I S, I have talk'd too long,
 Too late, attentive to my woeful song,
 You've staid, 'till th'evening's advanced far,
 And fable darkness hovers in her car.
 Come to our grove, the nightly dew's descend, 410
 Its close wove bushes shall my love defend.

ONWARD, to love, to sleep, and to complain,
Hast'ning, proceeds the patriotic swain,
In nuptial joys, their hands and hearts unite,
Retire to rest, and bid the world, Good night. 415

T H E E N D.

I F, in the perusal of the foregoing sheets, the reader has been in the LEAST degree entertained, the author (according to custom) is amply satisfied, all his labours fully rewarded, and the only end and design of writing them, completed.

According to the same custom, he arrogates to himself no pretensions to any large share of merit, but only expects that favour and candour from the public, which he is conscious his endeavours greatly stand in need of.

Every reader, will, at first sight, perceive whence the former part of this pastoral is taken; and that

Nay, boast not, DAPHNIS, &c. lin. 3.] is no more than a translation of

* Μὴ καυχῶ, σάλευσκέ· κενὸν τὸ φίλαμα λέγασιν.

And that the answer,

Empty and silly joys! &c. lin. 5 and 6.] is a distant hint at

Ἔσι καὶ ἐν κενεῶσι φιλάμασιν αἰδέα τέρψις.

The rusticity of the next two speeches, is most inimitably expressed by the same great fountain-head of rural eloquence:

Τὸ σῶμα μευ πλιύω, καὶ ὑποπλύω τὸ φίλαμα: and

Πλυῶεις χεῖλεα σέιο; δίδωπάλιν ὄφρα φιλάσω.

You kiss your cows! &c. lin. 11.] We are well aware of the objections that will naturally be started against this and some of the following lines, on account of their fancied baldness; but the reader will acknowledge, that urbane eloquence is not to be expected amongst rural swains, whose speeches confine the poet to their rusticity. However, he presently sees them, the one

* The idyllium to which these few lines refer, is found usually among those of THEOCRITUS, but it is now almost generally imagined (with DANIEL HEINSIUS) to have had MOSCHUS for it's author.

A N N O T A T I O N S.

by the warmth of patriotifm, and the other by that of love, much improved in their dialect.

No, I'll not come, remember, &c. lin. 21.] An imitation again of the Greek,

Οὐκ ἐθέλω· καὶ πρὶν με παρήπαφες ἡδέϊ μύθῳ.

If any God should wound, — DIANA, &c. lin. 43, 44.] The Goddess DIANA being the patroness and protectress of virgins, AMARYLLIS (whose knowlege of this, is perhaps, her whole system of theology) sets her in opposition to her suitor's God, whom he has just mentioned, as having cause to be incensed at her refusal of him. The author above-mentioned, represents the lover aiming at pleasures very far from chaste, which, perceiving, she may very well mention DIANA as her protectress, while in a virgin state, and that she should have more reason to be afraid of her resentment, after she should have been imprudent enough *solvere zonam*, than of that impure God.

What shall I do? &c. lin. 53.] In the Greek,

Καὶ τί, φίλῳ, ῥέξαιμι; Γάμοι πλῆθεσιν ἀνίας.

No reverence I ask, &c. lin. 63.] We must own this to be a very nice distinction between reverence, and submission to his sway; but the sentence is thus to be understood: "You tell me, AMARYLLIS, of being obliged to bow to a husband's will, reverencing him as your tyrant, the controuler of your pleasures; this is what I do not expect: that superiority which is becoming a loving and beloved spouse, I must and will assume; but the rigour of that superiority shall be alleviated by all the conjugal pleasures which a happy pair can enjoy; and, if there should be any occasion of exerting a superiority which I am far from boasting of, it shall be in protecting your innocence and virtue, through the storms of an ill-designing world."

My father, LYCIDAS, &c. lin. 79.] In the Greek,

Δάφνις ἐγὼ, Λυκίδας δὲ πατὴρ, μήτηρ δὲ Νομαίη.

Let

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Let Scotsmen govern, &c. lin. 109.] It may be here objected: Why is a shepherd introduced with politics in his mouth? To this we cannot answer better than in his own words, since, doubtless,

Gen'ral griefs demand a gen'ral tear,

Such woes affect the peasant and the peer;

Discord together all in ruin lies

The proud, the poor, the wealthy, and the wife.

And France make profit e'en of England's gain, lin. 116.] Neither this, nor any of the following lines, can be supposed to convey even the most distant hint at any public business just transacted, or now transacting, since it would be contradictory to every man's knowledge, if it was meant on the present peace; it being well known that we have gained *amazingly* by it, and which we are sure will eternize (*with glory*) the memory of its noble authors, to latest posterity. Our shepherd here only observes, that, if such afflictions should happen to the kingdom in general, they, nevertheless, should live secure.

Like MELIBŒUS be oblig'd to mourn, lin. 123.] Referring to

Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;

Nos patriam fugimus.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit!

O happy swains! could they, &c. lin. 223.] Something similar to,

O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint,

Agricolas! — procul discordibus armis.

The Muses too indulg'd, &c. lin. 235.] In the production of a CHURCHILL, LLOYD, WOTY, &c.

But ah! his second England, &c. lin. 237.] That is, a second poet equal to him, not meaning, one in a second degree to him.

— *but shall e'en WHITEHEAD, &c. lin. 241.]* Prince of poets, being laureate; in regard to his poetry, *fit enough* to write birth-day odes in the Colley-Gibber-way.

From

A N N O T A T I O N S.

From warmest statesman, to the meekest dove. lin. 350.] We may here observe, how imperceptibly to himself, the shepherd, through the simplicity of his heart, in the very instant of a resolve to the contrary, is betrayed into a warmth still greater than that which had urged him to the resolution.

His series of hereditary woe. lin. 400.] It has been suggested that this might be understood, as relative to the glorious family of STUART: we cannot conceive how; since that family has never been made, particularly, the butt of affliction, but, on the contrary, has always been blessed with success. Every sprig therefore of that illustrious family should ever be dear to England, since it has been, root and branch, so peculiarly marked by the hand of Providence.

* * * It may not be unnecessary to observe, that this pastoral was intended to have been published more than a fortnight ago, but, by some trifling accidents, has been obliged to be deferred till now. We have only remaining, to ask pardon of the reader for two errors, which have escaped our utmost vigilance; in lin. 297, *Nor* is inserted, instead of *No*, and, lin. 317, *it* instead of *in*.

F I N I S.

